



APRIL 1974

youth

MAGAZINE

Finding Fiddlehead Ferns
Jacob and Joseph Live on TV
L.A. Cartoonist Zeroes In



Fiddlehead Man, Don Briggs, gives the uninitiated a close look at a handful of ferns



Fiddlehead Ferns *for fun and profit*

Religious Education
EXHIBIT
the School of Religion

BY JULIA LEBENTRITT
PHOTOS BY RICHARD HOWARD

Irene, my white-haired neighbor, yoo-hooed. "The Fiddlehead Man stopped this morn. He needs pickers." Her blue eyes narrowed on me. "I'll bet you could make \$200!"

"He pays ten cents a pound!" Irene exclaimed positively. Ten cents a pound for Fiddleheads? They weighed like green feathers

in my mind. If I were lucky, might I net 50 cents a day? "No sir," she reaffirmed. "You'd be surprised on how they weigh up—why last season I made \$50 just truckin'm on my bicycle!" Irene pointed to her old blue J. C. Higgins coaster. Not younger than 50, she had

Julia Lebentritt of New Haven, Conn., is a free-lance writer/poet, who used to live off the land in Vermont, where this story was written for *Vermont Life*. Richard Howard is a graduate student at the Rhode Island School of Design.



Stooped all day, a young man discovers fern picking is a backbreaking business.

plucked and pumped burlap sacks of ferns in back of her farmhouse, where the Fiddlehead Man picked them up every morning.

"Yep, he's set up camp on the back road again, by the old ice house. Seem's spring's here when

he comes." Irene cocked a cautious weather eye at the perfect blue sky.

It was just the spring before that my husband and I first learned about Fiddleheads — the hard way. "A delicious edible earl

youth magazine

APRIL 1974, VOL. 25, NO. 4

EDITOR: Herman C. Ahrens, Jr.

MANAGING EDITOR: Geneva M. Butz

ASSOCIATE EDITOR: Susan M. Grant

ADMIN. SECRETARY: Clara Utermohlen

EDITORIAL ADDRESS: Room 1203,
1505 Race St., Phila., Pa. 19102

YOUTH magazine is published for high school young people of the United Church of Christ, the Episcopal Church, the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., the American Lutheran Church, the Moravian Church, the Lutheran Church in America, and the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.

YOUTH is also recommended for use among the young people of the Anglican Church of Canada.

YOUTH magazine is published monthly by the United Church Press, 1505 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102

Second Class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices.

Accepted for mailing at a special rate of postage, provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized June 30, 1943.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Single subscriptions, \$5.00 a year; two years for \$9.00. Group rates, three or more to one address, \$3.50 each. Single copies 50 cents. Rates higher outside the North American continent.

SUBSCRIPTION OFFICES: YOUTH magazine, Room 1310, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. For United Presbyterian subscription rates: 1132 Witherspoon Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa. 19107.

Copyright © 1974 by United Church Press

DESIGNERS: Bob and Sandy Bauer

Cover photo by Ed Wallowitch

wild green" said an article in the local paper. So we picked about a gallon of plump tempting looking young fern tops, spent an hour rubbing the white fuzz off, boiled them, and after one taste, tossed the bitter mess into the mulch heap! When I told Granny Beaton, an old timer here, she said, "**Not the Fuzzyheads!**" and pointed her finger down the river. This time I learned that the edible ferns come up in tight clumps of dark-green curls, off which paper-dry brown onionskin membranes scale. The **Fiddlehead** is the fern for eating, not the **Fuzzyhead**.

Delicious! Steam five-ten minutes, drain, and add a little butter, salt and pepper. The taste is cultivated, not at all wild or bitter, but like a mild asparagus married to avocado. And pretty — like freshly-painted green snails, or the scroll-like heads of fiddles for which they are named.

"He wants to get 20-ton this year!" Irene whistled. "You just bring your bucket and lunch and be down here tomorrow morning by 8:30." Somewhat dubiously, I agreed.

Next morning at Irene's, a stout, clean, grey-haired woman in a cotton housedress stopped a pickup truck with her two teen-age daughters and burlap sacks on the back. She seemed happy to have another picker on board. In the cab, I learned she was the "Fern Lady," Avis Briggs, while the "Fiddlehead

"Once the kids settle down to pick, some of them can get 70 pounds or more in the three hours after school."

Man" is her husband, Don, of Old Orchard Beach. He had driven three-ton to a Maine cannery at 1 a.m. and would be back by noon. She confirmed the rumored 20-ton they hoped to get, having landed seven already. I wondered if I could contribute one ton, 2000 lbs., or \$200 in fern language.

"When the cherries bloom in Maine, we know it's time to come Fiddleheadin'," Fern Lady told me.

"Trillium and spring beauty time here," I mentioned, and she nodded. I asked her how long she been picking Fiddleheads.

"Since I was six years old. I had a patch on Dad's farm on Dyer brook . . . It was such a treat to escape the never-ending housework. I never wanted my brothers or sisters to help. Mother canned all she wished, then I was allowed to take some to a neighbor, and she usually gave me a nickle for them. When everyone had their fill, the patch was left and the next year they were back and produced as many as before. Let me see, that was 60 years ago . . ."

The Fern Lady told me that in

"When I was a kid," the Fern Lady said, "it was such a treat to escape the never-ending housework. I never wanted my brothers or sisters to help pick the ferns."

1951 on a business trip to Burlington (they were in the oil business at the time, having potato farmed, eel and lobster trapped, potato hauled), they discovered our endless fern beds. They stopped and picked, returning every spring thereafter, gradually staying longer, picking for friends and customers back home.

"When I got into poison ivy six years ago, I told Don, 'I refuse to help anymore, unless we go into the business,' and so we did!"

The first year they sold four-ton fresh to the A&P. But now the quantity is so great they truck them to W. S. Wells & Son, Wilton, Maine, a family who have been in the canning business for 72 years. They specialize in dandelions and Vermont Fiddleheads, under the label **Belle Maine**.

At Healy May's, two women in curlers, a pre-school child, a dog and cat bounced out to the toot of the horn. They unlocked garage doors and car windows to drag forth burlap sacks. Novella hooked the scale on each sack and hefted it off the tailgate, while her mother

read: they ranged from 8 pound (the three-year-old's), to 40. There was much excitement as one of the women tried to keep her own tally. Each sack belonged to a different family member, so she had to keep weight and pay straight.

One of the May women told me she wanted to make ten dollars a day. She had last year. The other complained, "By time I get done pickin'm, I'm too tired to cook any I hate to can them."

The Fern Lady said, "Well that's easy, just run a little water over them . . ."

"Oh!" the lady protested. "I have to unroll every one!"

"Now did you ever see a bug on a Fiddlehead?" the Fern Lady chided her.

"Nope," the country woman had to admit, but she still looked suspicious . . .

In the thick of more chatter, we replaced the full sacks with eight more plastic-lined burlap. The Fern Lady paid. The little girl in pajamas grinned over 80 cents; she did her mother over nine dollars.

I asked her what kind of fern the Fiddlehead is. She said as a child she called it the Orchid Fern. It was so lovely. "They grow to five-six feet, y'know, and many people plant them for decorations. But a school teacher had told her it is the Ostrich Fern which grows profusely on islands, deltas, and marshes of our north country. She said they are rich in Vitamin C

keep well when refrigerated, and taste good various ways — sautéed, steamed, in casseroles and creamed soups, pickled, and au gratin, to name a few. The stalks grow to 14 inches in height and, as well as the curls, they are delicious.

The Fern Lady locked the truck into four-wheel drive, and we pitched off the macadam into a mud field. When she came to a stream, she didn't slow one bit but drove right through it into a culvert and up to the patch. There, the Fern Lady showed me how to pick. "We don't care how short the stem is, but no more than two inches long," she cautioned, then made a fernfull fearless grab of the highest Fiddleheads on a plant with one hand, while the other hand snagged the next tallest clump, snapped, and dropped them into the bucket. "Clean them," she said stooping to the lowest fern buds just unwinding.

Irene had cued me, "The weight's in the curl!" so I contrived when left alone to look for the fattest tight-budded Fiddleheads laying low like green eggs. But I soon learned, a feathery Fiddlehead in the hand is worth a round one in the bush. The family worked with me about an hour, but then they had to leave. We weighed in: Novella had 11 pounds: the Fern Lady and me, 14 each; Leota, 17. I was paid one dollar and four shiny dimes on the spot, and left to pick til four that



Fern Lady, Avis Briggs, has been picking Fiddleheads in the Vermont woods for more than 60 years.

afternoon.

After several hours of frantic Fiddleheading, I decided to take a break. I lay down on the riverbank, and closed my eyes—and at once, inside my eyelids there was a plump green clump of Fiddleheads . . . the fern-after-image. I was reminded of Frost's "After Apple Picking." Every picker must be haunted by his or her harvest—"ten-thousand fruit to touch . . ." My back unwillingly straightened out of its own Fiddlehead curl. The vertebrae felt like they wanted to be piled carefully on a platter and carried home. I didn't know if I could bend it again. But I went back after lunch to the ferns.

I had two very heavy burlap sacks full by the time I thought the Fern Lady should return. That



Don Briggs helps to navigate the Fiddlehead Ferry through shallow waters to the marshy ground where the ferns grow best.

was partly due to the fact that it was pouring. I was soaked to the skin, but still picking.

HONK-HONK

The back of the truck was loaded with wet screaming high school kids. The shower was letting up, so they charged with pails and sacks into the patch to pick til seven. One did a bellywhopper on the mud field. "They'll settle down to pick," the Fern Lady assured me. "Some are able to get 70 pounds or more in three hours after school." That's seven dollars.

Back at camp I hauled my sacks off the truck. One by one they went up on an antique scale, but I thought, what am I worth? "33," Novella called to her mother inside the trailer, keeping track. "32," the second sack sagged.

\$6.50 was handed out the door to me. I didn't think I did too well, but no one commented on my picking skills.

Next day I met the Fiddlehead Man. A solid, short, red-faced Scotsman in a fishing cap, and well-mended pants. Smelling clean as the woods he seemed to walk out of, he was the kind of rugged Yankee you'd expect to find driving a truckload of Christmas trees instead of spring ferns.

He told me Fiddleheading is only one of the family businesses. They have a list that sounds like Monopoly: a gas station, contract bridge set-up, yarn shop, 54-machine laundromat, all in Old Orchard Beach. "But we like Fiddleheadin' best! Someday our dream is to retire from everything, but

Fiddleheadin'."

I asked how he found the Fiddlehead beds, because they just don't grow everywhere. He laughed, "I can smell'm!" And the Fern Lady laughed heartily with him. Two years ago, they explained, he took a careful tour of central Vermont with binoculars and truck, talking to people and asking permission to pick or gain access through fields. Most people welcomed him.

"How do you remember the spots, a map?" I asked.

"It's all up here," the Fiddlehead Man tapped his head, twice.

Then he added, "It's like a garden. I take the same risk as a farmer." I sat quiet a moment considering the 35-mile radius of mountain country he is given permission to harvest each spring.

"Does frost kill?"

"You bet. They flood too. And they grow so fast sometimes I can't keep up with'm!" He stopped the truck in an old gravel pit and strode briskly into the poplar shade to check a patch. In a wink he was back unloading burlap sacks and me. "Come on in here. Avis," he told his wife. "I want you to see **these!**"

We ran excited at his heels. "Just **look** at them," the Fiddlehead Man glowed. A miniature forest of knee-high ferns founted fresh in the morning sun as far as I could see. I felt like his royal deer set to pasture.

"On the ferny islands we found dark wood violets, morel mushrooms, leeks and asparagus along with the crop we were after."

The Fiddlehead Man picked, it seemed, without moving or bending his back—snap, snap, snap—fistsfull! "My God, he claws'm!" Irene had said. There was something of a bear in his approach, or a prizefighter shuffling along punching the Fiddleheads. Some say he picks 180 pounds an hour, but by the end of the season I pinned him down to a flat 60 an hour, but not all day. I knew he wanted to stay with me and pick, but he had to place other pickers, pick up ferns, and hunt the wild Fiddlehead. I watched the top of his hat float away through the high green ferns.

By the end of the day I had four heavy sacks. "Fiddlehead Drunk!" he teased as I staggered out of the patch underneath a bag. He came to help me lug the rest and said, "You done good," but looked with exasperation at what was left. I hadn't even dented it. "They'll go by overnight. I could have used three pickers here," he moaned to himself. It was obvious he wanted to stay again. "Dangest things! Can't stop them. They grow

“ ‘Fiddlehead Drunk’ we’d lug our sacks to the truck at the end of the day, where, sober as church mice, we’d ring round the Fiddlehead Man weighing them in.”

like asparagus, six inches a day!” He grabbed a few last fistsfull and threw them in my pail.

The second day, I went home with \$11.50 in my pocket.

Many happy days of Fiddleheading followed. Every morning and night, a long careening ride on the back of the truck turned my tired picker’s eyes to spring Vermont countryside where Quaker ladies blue, golden dandelions, and white apple blossom bloomed. Often there was a ride on a boat too, the Fiddlehead Ferry, leaky battered and oarless aluminum, which the Fiddlehead Man sunk to the oarlocks with pickers and bran sacks and hauled by rope to the ferny islands. Wild places where a patch of dark wood violets, morel mushrooms, leeks, or asparagus was sure to be found along with the crop we were after. And without supervision or a day’s quota to be met, each of us did as we wanted—time out for a cool river swim, or a nap in the shade, and a picnic lunch (often leftover cold Fiddleheads on homeground wheat bread with mayonnaise).

“Fiddlehead Drunk” we’d lug our sacks to the truck at the end of the day, where sober as church mice, we’d ring round the Fiddlehead Man weighing them in. And oh, the open mouths, and fern green hands held out for pay.

Afterwards, the picked patches often seemed like smoldering battlefields, and I asked the Fiddlehead Man if we weren’t damaging or weakening the plants. He pulled aside stalks on a root to show me new Fiddlehead buds; and said that picking, as in the case of asparagus, seemed to bring more stalks from the rootstock. By leaving some patches rest a couple of days, we’d be able to pick them two, or even three times. Also the early leaves of the Ostrich Fern which we pick are sterile. About July, the short stiff inedible fertile fronds come up in the midst.

One afternoon, stopped at a gas station, we watched the Waterbury Policeman, Chief Sprano, his crisp black and white uniform weeding his windowbox. There were two Ostrich ferns at either end of the geraniums. I tapped the cab window and asked the Fern Lady: “I wonder if he knows those are edible?” while another quipped, “It’s a good thing they’re all ferned-out, or I’d go pick’em!”

My record was 16 straight days of “good” fernpicking recorded on a aching sunburned back, black chlorophyll-cracked fingers, and a nice, fat wallet.



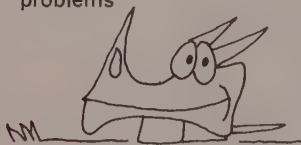
The author has part of her payload weighed in at day's end.

emotional recessions



a collection
of transparencies
by Doug Brunner

unmask your
problems



before they
disguise
you . . .



a lot of songs
say you have
to pay your
dues to sing
the blues



i just received
a membership
card

i loved a person



and now she doesn't
love me



how can we expect
the world to get
together, when two
people can't ...



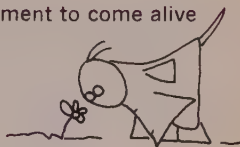
perhaps it's simpler
to love your enemies



it is the time of rebirth



a moment to come alive



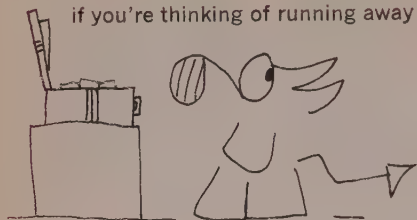
and to be hopeful



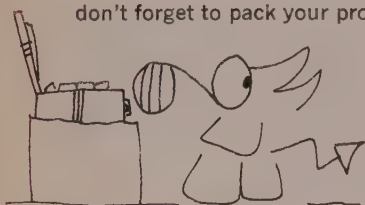
i'm in spring training



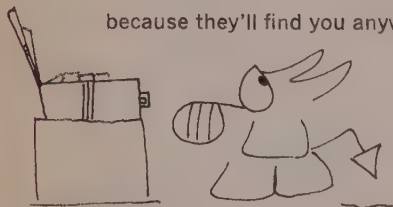
if you're thinking of running away



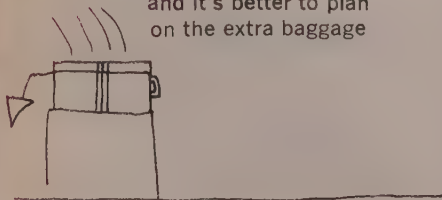
don't forget to pack your problems



because they'll find you anyway



and it's better to plan
on the extra baggage



life stings



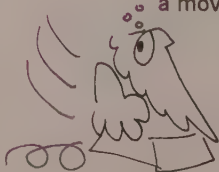
but you heal



then zap it gets
you again



sometimes i feel like
a moving target



men aren't supposed to cry



so i'll keep all the emotions
within me . . .



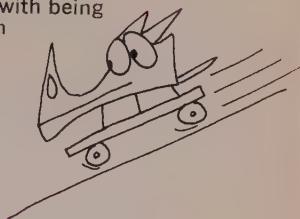
run for
the high land . . .



the dam burst



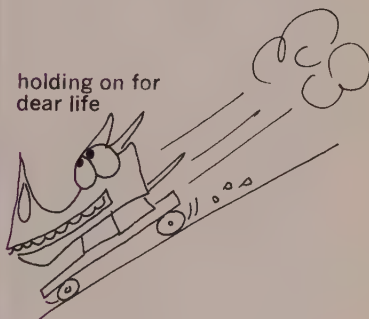
you have to
ride with being
down



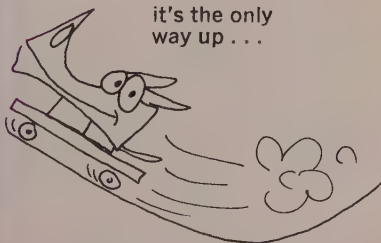
keeping your
balance



holding on for
dear life



it's the only
way up . . .



there's no reason
for me to be so
depressed



confused



and alone



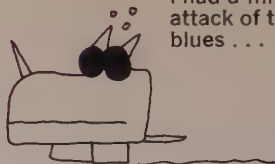
but i am



it must be an
inside job



i had a mild
attack of the
blues . . .



aquamarine to
be exact



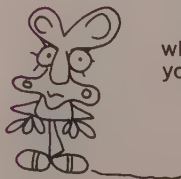
after all the suffering
i've gone through

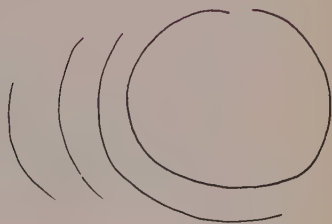


i still haven't lost
hope



what more could
you hope for?





if the grass looks greener on the other side
plant a few more seeds on your side



THE STORY OF JACOB AND JOSEPH

Part I: Jacob and Esau

Part II: Joseph and
his brothers

ABC—April 7, 1974
8:30-10:30 p.m. EDT
Check your local listings
in case of changes

BY FREDERIC A. BRUSSAT

One of the most impressive and beautiful things about the Old Testament is that it comes across as "the real thing." In the stories of Abraham and Sarah, Isaiah and Job, David and Saul, we discover

the reality of the human condition. In the telling of their lives and the accounts of their faith, we find joy, affection, kindness, grief, hatred, envy, jealousy—the same qualities we see in ourselves and those around us. To read these Old Testament stories is to get in





touch with the past and realize the activity of God in history. And, on another level, we begin to see what makes human beings tick.

On Palm Sunday, the drama of the Biblical patriarchs Jacob and Joseph will be featured in a two-hour presentation filmed in Israel.

The creative and inspirational source behind this show is Mildred Freed Alberg, a woman who has received many awards as a television producer, especially for her

Frederic A. Brussat is editor of the Cultural Information Service, and a frequent contributor to YOUTH.



Isaac (Harry Andrews) is fooled by Jacob (Keith Michell) into believing that he is his brother, Esau.

work on "Hallmark Hall of Fame" programs. She has assembled a brilliant international cast including Colleen Dewhurst as Rebekah, Keith Michell as Jacob, Tony Lo Bianco as Joseph, Herschel Bernardi as Leban, Harry Andrews as Isaac, and Julian Glover as Esau. The director is Michael Cacoyan-

nis, who previously created the films "Zorba the Greek" and "Electra"; the script is by Ernest Kinoy, and the music is by Mikis Theodorakis ("Zorba the Greek").

It is quite miraculous that "The Story of Jacob and Joseph" ever was completed. For what do you do if you're caught in the middle

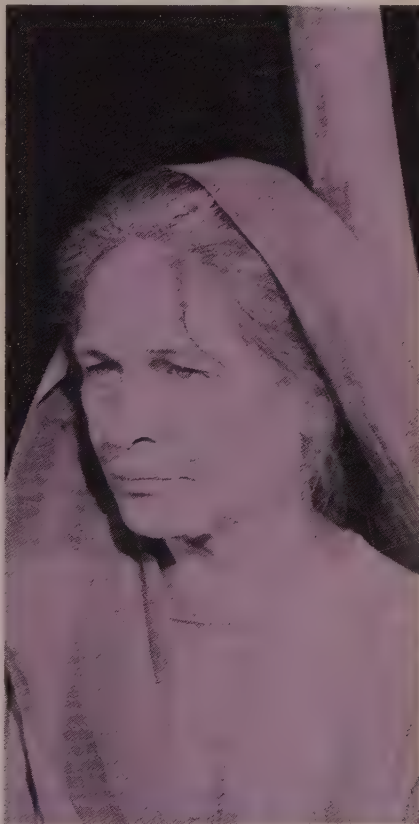
of a war while putting together a television show? The first part of the film—"Jacob and Esau"—was completed when, three days into the second part, the Yom Kippur War broke out in the Middle East. Almost 75 percent of the crew and many of the extras were called to active duty by the Israeli Army. Hence Joseph was left with only six out of his 11 brothers when the call to duty beckoned. Although several other productions left the country, the government of Israel wanted the Americans to stay and allowed the brothers to return from the front to film crucial scenes. One of Joseph's brothers actually commuted from the war in Jordan to the hill country where Jacob had walked!

Mixing prayers with patience, the actors and crew stuck it out in Israel. Where else could producer Mildred Alberg find sets to match the ancient system of pools King Solomon had built (for Pharaoh's Gardens) or the barren land that was once Canaan? Eventually perseverance carried the day and the filming of the "Joseph and His Brothers" segment was completed.

"We are attempting to portray the people of the Biblical narratives—and in our case we chose the Jacob and Joseph stories—in the way they lived and as real people with all we know about them."

—Mildred Freed Alberg

A great deal of research went into this two-hour special. Ms. Alberg spent two years studying recent archaeological findings on the customs and ways of life of the period. Dr. David Noel Freedman, co-editor of the Anchor Bible Series, served as a consultant to the show providing additional



Rebekah (Colleen Dewhurst) plays a significant part in helping her son to deceive his father.

background material and helping the producer interpret the stories. It is this concern for accuracy and careful attention to the spirit of the Old Testament stories that gives Ms. Alberg's show such a distinctive dimension.

We talked to Ms. Alberg about the research that went into the show: "For a long time, the Bible was our only key to the historical reality of those days. But then, along came the archaeologists. They have told us about similar people and how they lived—maybe they are not the exact same clans but they are close enough so we have a good idea what Jacob's and Joseph's lives were like. We can now see them as real people."

Ms. Alberg doesn't think that other "religious" films and TV shows have shown us "real people": "In the film 'The Ten Commandments,' when Moses writes on the tablets, fire comes from his fingers. That is the kind of thing we tried to avoid in our film. In our film, the people are simple people with strong beliefs. When God talks to Rebekah, you don't hear the voice of God in deep, mellifluous tones. Instead, there is an absolutely marvelous moment when she suddenly realizes she's hearing the Lord. Later, when she's giving birth, she says with great excitement, 'God spoke to me, God said . . .'"

Finally, Ms. Alberg hopes that this television show will help peo-

ple realize that the stories in the Bible really do "live" in our time: "When we think that Jacob and the patriarchs lived almost four thousand years ago, we think that they were terribly primitive and different from us. But the interesting thing is that the more you study and learn about them, the more you realize that they were people like ourselves. They had invented family living; they had invented human relationships. People five thousand years ago talked about goodness and kindness and mankind as a whole. Our technology is different. But what I hope will come out of this dramatization of their lives is an understanding that what they believed in are still our values today."

Things to Think About

(Compare and contrast Genesis 25 to 50 with this version of these stories.)

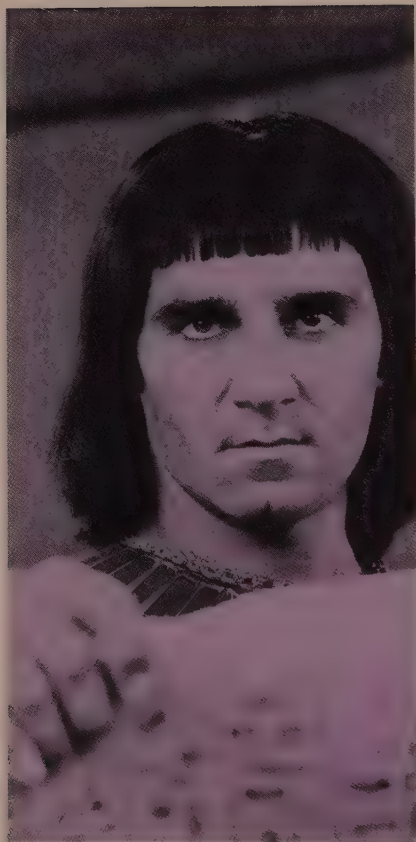
PART I. JACOB AND ESAU

1. The rivalry between Jacob and Esau is almost continuous. From the outset Isaac likes Esau and Rebekah favors Jacob. Do you know families where the favoritism given one child has caused problems among the others?
2. What kind of fellow would sell his birthright just to satisfy his stomach? How do you feel about Esau for this decision?
3. In the famous scene (Genesis



Jacob goes to stay with his uncle, Laban (Hershel Bernardi), while seeking a wife among his cousins.

- 27:6-45) where Jacob deceives his father Isaac and pretends to be Esau, with whom do you identify? Can you trust or like Jacob after he has lied? How do you feel about Rebekah after her involvement in this plot?
4. What do you think about the way in which Jacob's dream (the ladder with angels ascending and descending) is handled in this television show?
 5. Jacob has the tables turned on him when Laban cheats him. Do you think it is "right" of Laban to force Jacob and Leah into marriage when they don't love each other?



Joseph (Tony Lo Bianco) finds favor in captivity by interpreting Pharaoh's dreams.

6. The competition between Leah and Rachel is similar to that between Esau and Jacob. Which of the women is given a bad deal? Why?
7. How do you feel when Rachel and Jacob outwit Laban just before they leave for Canaan?
8. Is the reunion between Jacob

and Esau believable? Would you be able to forgive Jacob if you were in Esau's shoes?

PART II: JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS

1. It's amazing how both of these stories start out with the problems caused by parents favoring one child over the others. Here Joseph's brothers hate him because Jacob gives him special treatment. Do you identify with Joseph's position or do you agree with his brothers that it is not fair?
2. The ill will of Joseph's brothers is made quite clear when they throw him into a well and then sell him to merchants. By getting rid of Joseph, they hope to regain favor with their father. Does their way of trying to win Jacob's love make sense to you?
3. Joseph's skill in interpreting dreams turns his misfortune into success and wealth. In what way did God direct his path?
4. How would you know whether to believe someone's interpretation of your dreams or not?
5. Would any present-day politician put much faith in someone like Joseph?
6. Joseph forgives his brothers in the end. If you were in his position, what would you have done?

REACTING TO THE SHOW AS A WHOLE

1. Do you believe that God can

produce good out of man's evil deeds? Can man's good intentions produce evil? How do these questions apply to these two stories?

2. How have these stories enriched your understanding of ancient Israel, especially Jewish customs and history? Do

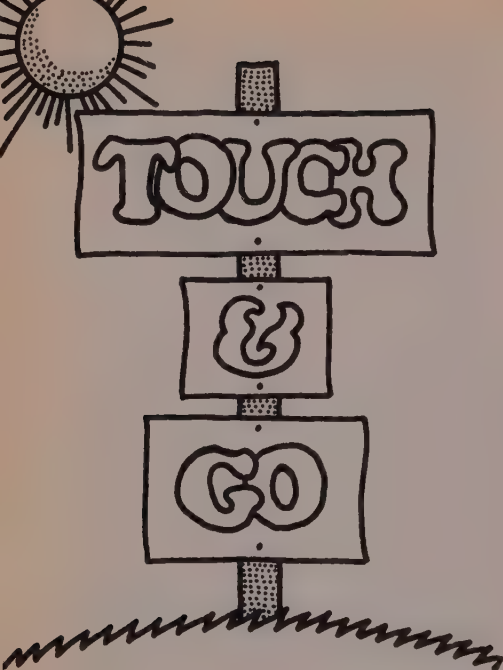
these people seem "real" to you?

3. What is the difference between reading these stories in the Bible and experiencing them on the television screen? ☐

Photos courtesy of ABC-TV



Joseph and his brothers are reunited during a famine in the land of Egypt.



Just by Chance

Thank you for the excellent article on newsman, Geraldo Rivera, of New York City's WABC-TV. Just by chance I watched "Goodnight America," which Geraldo hosted, when it was aired in Philadelphia. This was my first introduction to this very talented and dedicated man and his excellent work in the field of media. After watching it, I wanted to know more about him and his work. Again, just by chance, someone handed me a copy of YOUTH magazine (January 1974) and I was very pleased to see an entire article written about Geraldo and his splendid, unselfish accomplishments. Geraldo Rivera brings a breath of fresh air to a nation polluted by more than just foul air! Thanks for giving all of us the chance to learn more about him.

—J. F., Philadelphia, Pa.

A Tribute to My People

I greatly enjoyed your YOUTH magazine dedicated to the Native Americans, especially the interview with AIM leader Russell Means. The entire volume (November 1973) was a fine tribute to my people. I would like to know if it is possible to obtain a print of the photograph of Mr. Means that appeared on the introductory page of your interview with him?

—K. B., Levittown, Pa.

Not the Usual Drivel

Yesterday I received a copy of the special issue on the Native Americans. I find it extremely interesting and well done, especially your interview with Russell Means, and the article by Jim West on Wounded Knee. I wish more publications would deal with this subject as fairly and sensibly as YOUTH, rather than subjecting us to the usual romanticized drivel we have had over the years.

Would it be possible for me to get a copy of your picture of Russell Means on the first page of the interview? I want it for my own personal use. I admire this young man very much, and my sympathy is with AIM although their actions sometimes are violent and misguided — actions rising from justifiable rage and frustration or, "righteous indignation," as the Church so mildly puts it.

—E. F., Louisville, Ky.

Seen from Afar

I want to congratulate all of you on the very high standard of your magazine. I have been going through a few issues and found them most interesting. I passed them on to some other friends here, and they too were very impressed. I hope that you will be able to continue the good work.

—S. T., France

THE BEGINNING OF HOPE

Lord,
It is time to begin again
our journey to the cross.
Time to rehearse again
the ending of a life
and the beginning of hope.

It is time to take time
to listen to
to watch for
to wait for
the man of sorrows
who brought us joy.

May each of these days
be a new beginning
for each of us,
a reflection of the
continuing paradox
of new life
overcoming death.

—JEAN ALEXANDER



A SIMILE TO JESUS' PRAYER

The grass ripples as the wind blows
The sun shines now and then
I am lost in this haven of nature
Until a siren pierces my solitude
Reminding me of the day
They took her away.

She is everything to me.
I realize this now.
I wish I could have been
More of a something to her.
I want to make her live.
I want to share forgotten things
With her.

The world goes on around me.
I want to stop. I must.
I can't slow down enough to contemplate.
I need more time to think . . .
And yet I must go on.
I need her, but in a way that has me helping her too.
My God, WHY hast Thou forsaken ME?

—TERRI LEWIS







Randolph Floyd

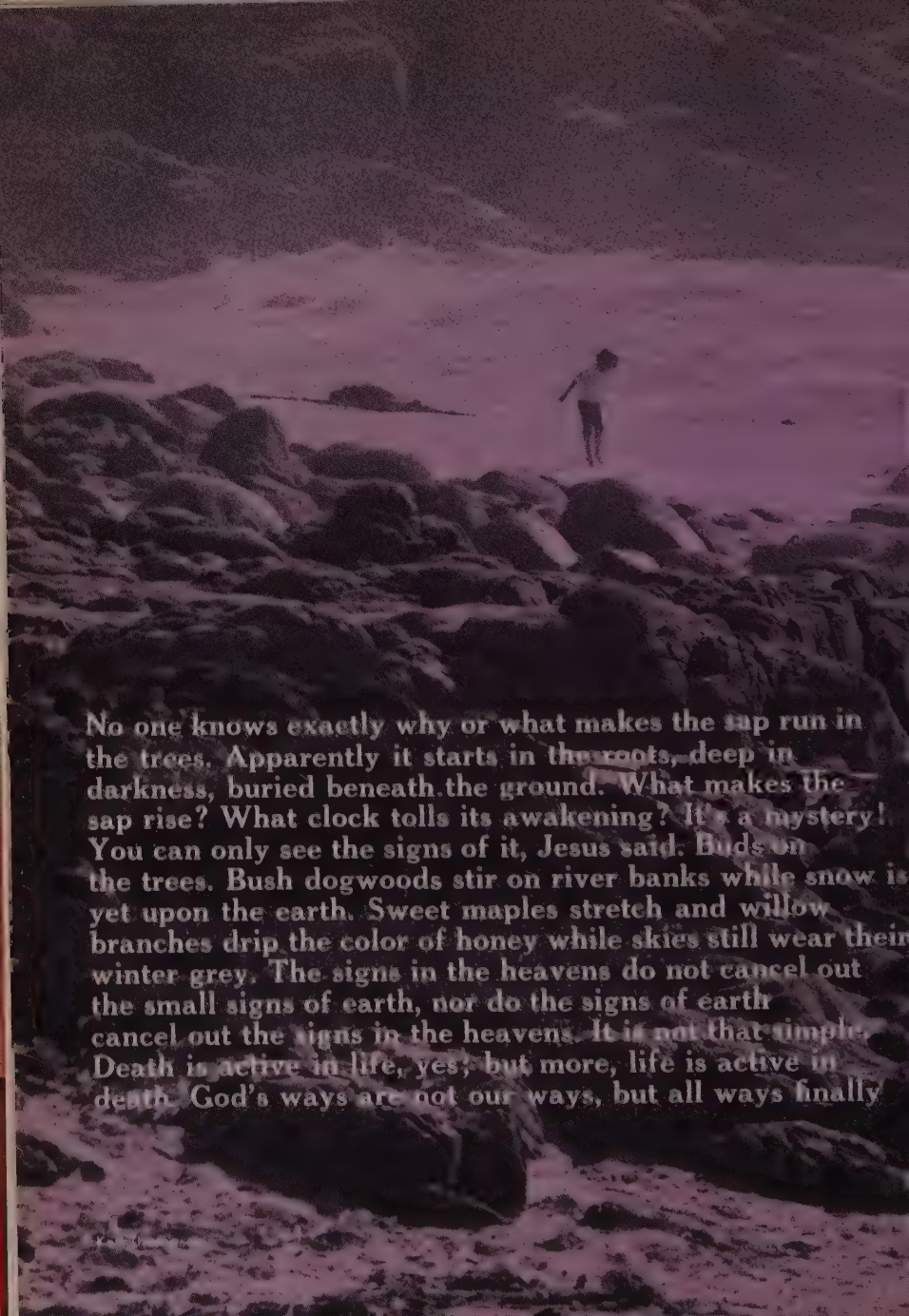
We killed him.
We just stood there and watched him
be killed.
He was our friend
our brother
and we ran away when the police came
and said it was none of our business
and we didn't want to get involved.

We killed him
by believing that pain and death
are the only gods.

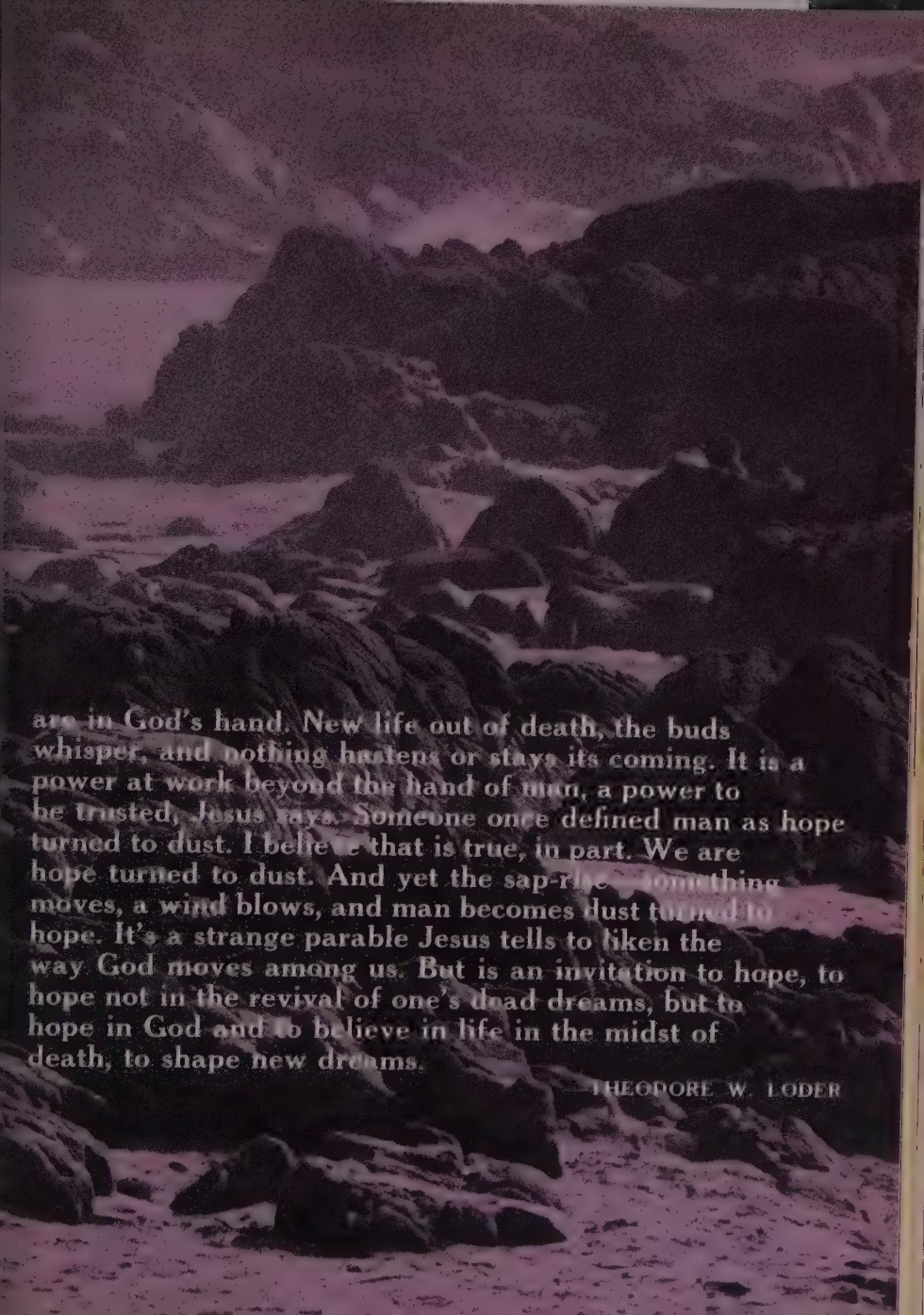
Because we didn't want
anything to change
least of all ourselves,
a man is dead.

And are we really alive?

—JEAN ALEXANDER



No one knows exactly why or what makes the sap run in the trees. Apparently it starts in the roots, deep in darkness, buried beneath the ground. What makes the sap rise? What clock tolls its awakening? It's a mystery! You can only see the signs of it, Jesus said. Buds on the trees. Bush dogwoods stir on river banks while snow is yet upon the earth. Sweet maples stretch and willow branches drip the color of honey while skies still wear their winter grey. The signs in the heavens do not cancel out the small signs of earth, nor do the signs of earth cancel out the signs in the heavens. It is not that simple. Death is active in life, yes; but more, life is active in death. God's ways are not our ways, but all ways finally



are in God's hand. New life out of death, the buds whisper, and nothing hastens or stays its coming. It is a power at work beyond the hand of man, a power to be trusted, Jesus says. Someone once defined man as hope turned to dust. I believe that is true, in part. We are hope turned to dust. And yet the sap-rise—something moves, a wind blows, and man becomes dust turned to hope. It's a strange parable Jesus tells to liken the way God moves among us. But is an invitation to hope, to hope not in the revival of one's dead dreams, but to hope in God and to believe in life in the midst of death, to shape new dreams.

—THEODORE W. LODER



THREE

Three trees heavy burdened
On a hill dark in time—
Thorns grew there

Three nails deeply driven
In a Body not of time—
Blood spilled there

Three hearts cast in grieving
On that hill dark in time—
Tears flowed there

Three hours weighed in sorrow
On a page out of time—
Death walked there

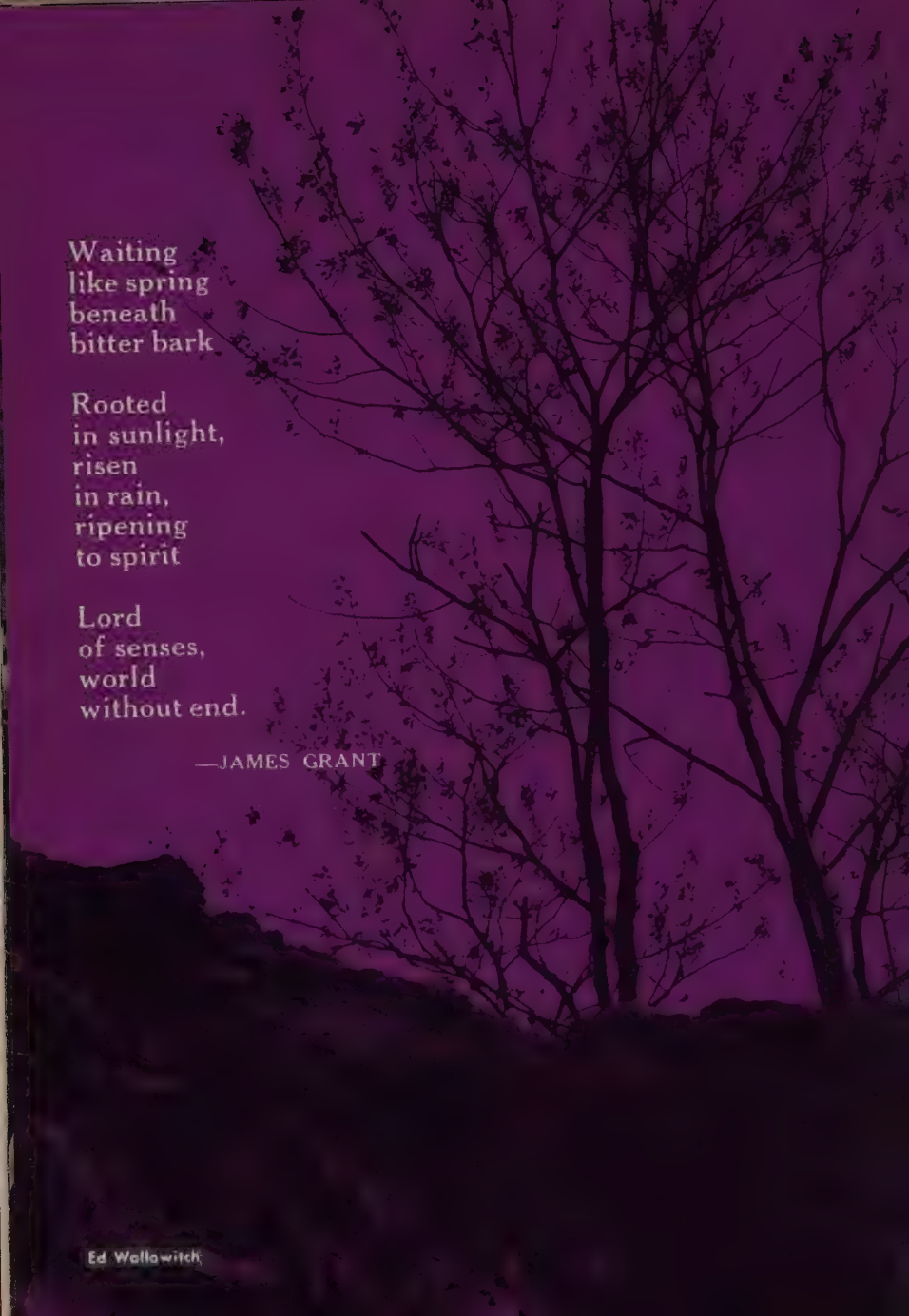
Three days to be suffered
At a tomb hewn in time—
Then—light broke there.

—KAREN LINDEMUTH



Easter is an affirmation of our deepest intuitions, our simple, child-like Yes to life and our insistent No to death. Easter tells us we can trust our burning hearts. Listen to the fire in your heart. What does it say you are? Doesn't it say something like this: "I am alive, I am a miracle of life itself. I am a miracle of God. Deeper than all my guilt and fear, I am able to give and receive love. I am valuable. I am part of creation. I am not meant for death while I live, or when I die. I am meant to live, to create, to grow, to expand, nurture, cherish life and not to be afraid or indifferent, but passionate and compassionate." Easter is an affirmation of that Yes, that heart on fire in you. Trust it. Live it . . . nothing less.

—THEODORE W. LODER



Waiting
like spring
beneath
bitter bark

Rooted
in sunlight,
risen
in rain,
ripening
to spirit

Lord
of senses,
world
without end.

—JAMES GRANT

CREATIVE ARTS

This is your last chance! The deadline for YOUTH's 1974 Creative Arts Awards falls on May 1, so if you haven't sent in your art work, photos, sculpture or creative writing, you'd better hurry! We're looking for any artistic efforts you've made—the ways you express yourself, the things you feel—whether you're poetic, prosaic, full of imagination, turned on to a cause, or just in love with creation. Winners in our annual competition have their entries featured in a special Creative Arts issue of YOUTH, and receive \$25 for each winning entry. If you haven't entered, do it now! Just follow these easy guidelines:

Creative Writing

Just about anything goes here—poetry, fiction, essays, plays, editorials, humor, satire, true-to-life stories — whatever form you like and feel you're best at.

Art Work

We welcome any type of art work that can be reproduced in YOUTH. This includes paintings, sketches, mosaics, prints, gags or editorial cartoons, story illustrations, graphic designs, or abstract art—any artistic expression of your own ideas or feelings. Because of mailing limitations, art work should not be larger than 12" x 15" nor smaller than 4" x 5".

Photography

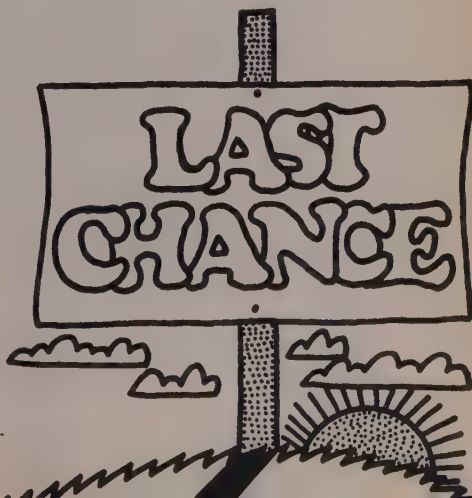
Your print (or prints) should be black and white, and no larger than 12" x 15" nor smaller than 4" x 5". You do **not** have to do your own developing and printing to enter in this category.

Sculpture

If you've done a mobile, paper folding, wood carving or any piece of sculpture which you'd like to submit, send us photographs which best present all the dimensions of your work.

Here are rules and guidelines:

1. You must be between 13 and 19 years of age to enter.
2. Your entry must be your original work. It may be something you've done as a school assignment, for your own enjoyment, or especially for the contest, but it must be your own.
3. You may submit a total of five entries, but please mail them all together, if possible.
4. Identify each entry with the title of the work, the media you are using, your name, age, and address. Place this information in the upper right corner of each writing entry, and on the back of each photograph or piece of art work you send.
5. Submit writing entries on 8½" x 11" sheets of paper. **CREATIVE WRITING ENTRIES CANNOT BE RETURNED.** So please keep a copy of your work.
6. All entries must be mailed by May 1, 1974.
7. Send your original entries to: CREATIVE ARTS AWARDS, YOUTH magazine, Room 1203, 1505 Race St., Phila., Pa. 19102. After the judging is completed, all entries other than creative writing will be returned.



portrait of a high school

BY SUSAN M. GRANT



ALL PHOTOS
TAKEN BY MEMBERS OF THE BASIC SOCIOLOGY CLASS
AT CATHEDRAL HIGH SCHOOL, BOSTON, MASS.

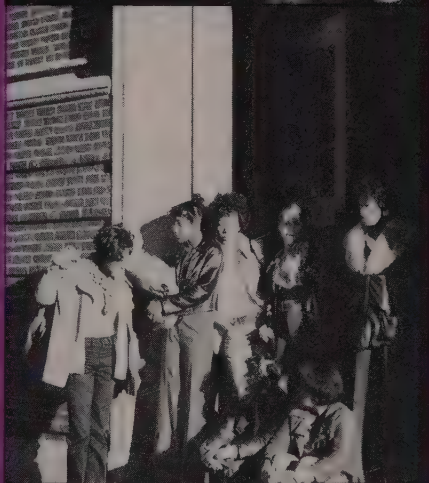
"I bounced into high school as a first-year teacher, confident that I could rally the interests of the class with my earth-shattering statistics and insights," smiles Mark Dellamano, who could easily be mistaken for a student himself, "but I found instead that I was boring people."

Many good-intentioned teachers—and students—know of Mr. Dellamano's dilemma, whether it be at Boston's Cathedral High School, where he teaches, or at their own high schools.

"I was frustrated by the students' boredom, by my own inability to interest them, and by the institution itself which seemed to rule out the possibility of dialogue," Mr. Dellamano recalls. "All human encounter seemed to be reduced to the level of role-playing.

"That first year of teaching made me mostly aware of the fact that the educational institution is a microcosm of the larger society. The same dehumanization, deceit and bureaucratic violence that went into a travesty like Vietnam was present in the educational system itself. Here we were, supposedly educating young people to live in a democratic society within the confines of an authoritarian institution in which only the most insignificant decisions were left to students.

"We were educating people just to accept, to be docile. We



had not only truncated their ability to think critically of the reality around them, but we had precluded any possibility of their acting on the oppressive elements of that reality by actually con-



"IF STUDENTS CAN PASS THROUGH A DEMOCRATIC PROCESS IN WHICH THEY CAN ANALYZE A SITUATION, RESPONSIBLY VOICE THEIR DISSATISFACTION, AND THEN WORK FOR CHANGES, THE RESULTS MEAN MUCH MORE."

vincing them that any acts of spontaneous rebellion were immature.

"I found that, on the one hand, the students were depressed by the situation, and on the other, they felt that if they were not confined by the dictates of a higher authority, the school would become chaotic. We had done such a splendid job of distrusting them that they even distrusted themselves. No one could believe that if significant decisions were handed to the students, they would be able to handle them with any degree of wisdom."

What better place to start teaching democracy than in school? And how can a person better learn to be responsible than to be given responsibility?

"I think that if students can pass through some kind of democratic process in which they can carefully analyze a situation, responsibly voice their dissatisfaction, and then work creatively for changes, the results mean much more," says Mr. Dellamano. "Freedom only comes with some degree of struggle, whether that struggle takes the form of petition, talking to people, rallying people, explaining ideas to people, organizing people—whatever it takes. Once this struggle is passed through, the freedom that's finally attained is much more appreciated.

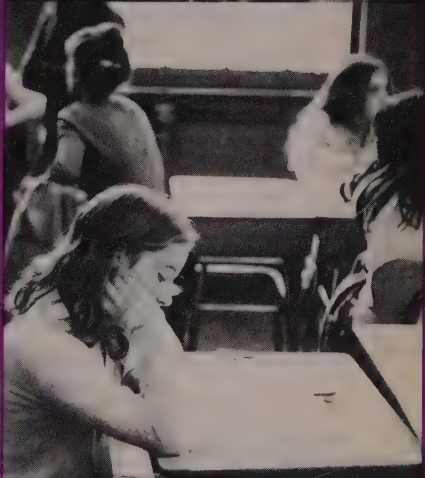
"And, of course, we as teach-

ers and administrators should be helping them with those basic facts of organization and petition. Because they **can** change things. School should really be a training ground for when they leave and go into the outside society—the larger society.”

And so Mr. Dellamano's course in Basic Sociology became a place to begin. Instead of trying to lecture to the students, he let them explore possibilities and raise questions. Eventually, their tools became a few cameras, a tape recorder, and a slide projector; their product became a slide-tape set; and their purpose was to raise issues and the consciousness of the whole student body.

At first the students spent several mornings at sites in Boston interviewing and photographing people on their way to work. Most questions involved types of behavior which the students felt were rarely given much thought—why people were dressed as they were, why they worked, and where they worked. They asked other questions, too, such as “Would you consider voting for a woman as President?”

But the students' curiosity, having been aroused, was not satisfied with just looking at the average people of Boston. They wanted to know more about their own environment, more about their peers. With a small grant from a local group, they began to con-



struct a slide-tape on the frustrations of attending Cathedral High.

"We were trying to make a true statement of the powerlessness of the students in our school," says Margie Foley, a student in



"WE WERE TRYING TO MAKE A TRUE STATEMENT OF THE POWERLESSNESS OF THE STUDENTS IN OUR SCHOOL. WE WANTED TO SHOW WHAT REALLY GOES ON."

the Basic Sociology class. "We wanted to show what really goes on in school."

"And we felt that school publications, such as the yearbook, show nothing but the bright side of school. If one were to look at a high school yearbook to get an idea of what that school was like, he would conclude there was never a moment of unhappiness within its walls," adds Mr. Dellamano.

The Basic Sociology students began to challenge this image.

"Whenever our class sat down to discuss the problems in the school," says Mr. Dellamano, "it took very little prompting on my part to touch off a torrent of complaints."

So it began—interviews with students, with teachers. Taping school "sounds," photographing things that were mentioned by others or which the Basic Sociology students themselves found questionable. Walking through the halls of Cathedral High trying to see what was taken for granted, what should be changed, and what was good.

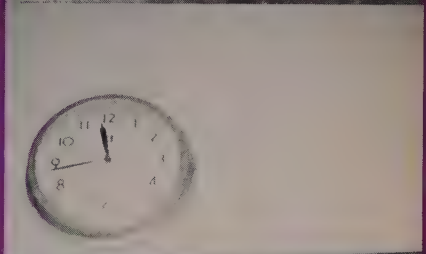
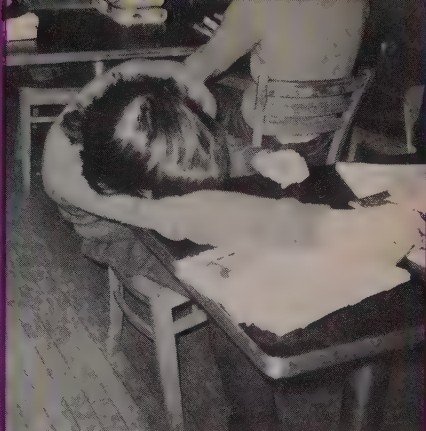
"The kids liked to talk about the project we were working on," says George Cardoza. "They were waking up to the fact that school was really like this and someone was bringing it out."

"But a lot of the teachers thought it was a criticism of the school," adds Margie.

"There was much discussion regarding whether we should show critical material in our slide-tape," interjected their young teacher. There was a lot of concern that we were going to turn people off. So I was very pleased to see them handle this power, this responsibility with the utmost maturity. We wanted to communicate dissatisfaction, but we didn't want to hurt people."

After many months of interviewing, taping and photographing, as well as photographing pictures from magazines that they felt were appropriate to their theme, the students began to edit their material. Working on a large glass-topped table, they arranged all their slides to show a thematic order. After making a selection of the best slides, they were placed in a carousel tray. The next step was to produce a master tape which would later be synchronized with the chosen visuals. The master tape, when completed, mixed various statements from the interviews with sounds from the school and music chosen by the students. The final step was to synchronize the tape and the slides.

With the slide-tape completed, the Basic Sociology class was ready to show their work to the rest of the school and to let the critics decide how accurate they had been. More than one-third of Cathedral High's student body and faculty had a chance to see



Equipment to use to make your own slide-tape:

- Cassette tape recorder with control switch on mike
- Cassette tapes
- Cameras (reflex lens type or instamatics are fine)
- Film
- Slide trays
- Light table
- Record player
- Carousel projector

Before you start, take these hints:

- Borrow whatever equipment you can (check the audio-visual department of your school).
- Have your group get together at least once a week, and keep the same people involved, or you'll lose continuity.
- If you show slides with writing, make the message short enough to be read before the carousel changes slides.
- Try to keep interviews "on location" as free from background noise as possible.

"THE KIDS LIKED TO TALK ABOUT THE PROJECT WE WERE WORKING ON. THEY WERE WAKING UP TO THE FACT THAT SCHOOL WAS REALLY LIKE THIS AND SOMEONE WAS BRINGING IT OUT."

the slide-tape and respond to it by filling out a questionnaire.

Those who responded were given an opportunity to critique with the understanding that if the slide-tape was felt to be inaccurate, their criticisms would be part of a reevaluation and change in the final product so that the message would be different the next time the slide-tape was shown.

Ninety percent of those who saw the final production felt that it was accurate, even though it did show the less inspiring side of school life.

One student said he felt that the presentation was designed to "show that Cathedral is run on a system which we are to conform to and not question," and he rated the show reasonably accurate. Another student felt the slide-tape was intended to "show everyone what kind of school Cathedral is—like you were locked up; everything is run by rules, bells and punishment," and he rated the presentation very accurate. A number of students asked for more "good and positive things," and one felt that the "tension and lack of respect" prevalent in the school didn't come through.

A group of teachers responded by beginning to work on their own slide-tape as an answer to the students' slide-tape, hoping to present "the other side of things."

"We were pleased," says Mr.

Dellamano, "that they were so moved to at least think in those terms. Such a response we felt would lead to a very constructive dialogue."

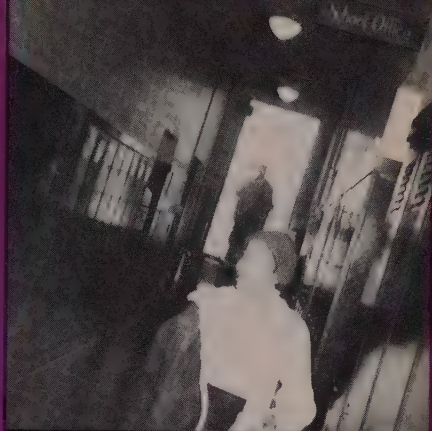
What has been the effect of the 'Basic Sociology class' slide-tape upon the structure of Cathedral High?

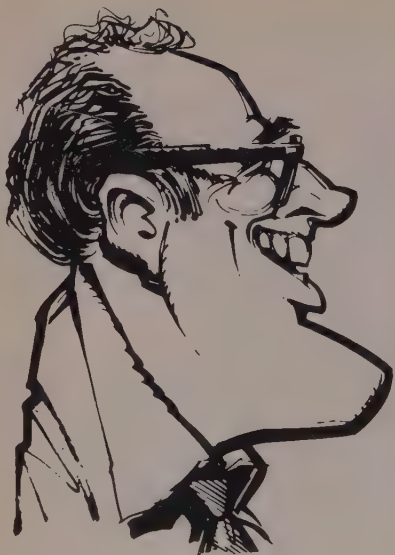
"We found that all of the kids are really pretty disgusted with the school. We interviewed so many different people and asked so many different questions, and everything was like a criticism," says Bonnie Dougherty.

"Kids are getting more mature at a younger age," adds Margie. "They know how life is and they want what's right. And they want to know why things are the way they are."

"I think most students are so wrapped up in many other things in school that this slide-tape was something on the side," says Bonnie, admitting to the predominant apathy among students. "Our project was meant to give students something to think about—to bring an awareness of those things we don't look at because we're so involved in them."

"But," concludes George, "raising a question—that's taking a step forward in itself." □





PAUL CONRAD ASKS “WHY?”

By Herman C. Ahrens Jr.

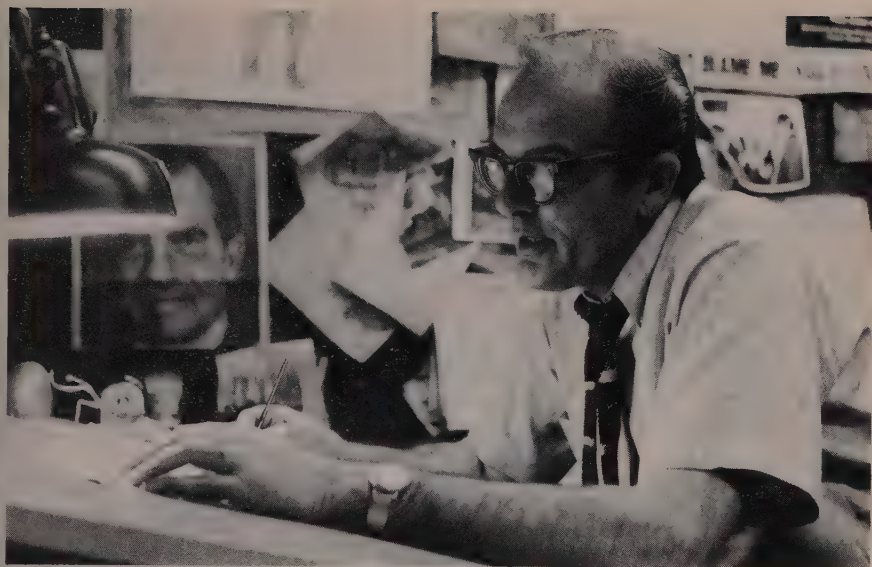
“I think the young people of today are the brightest I’ve run into in all my born days,” is the comment of a man whose editorial cartoons stir the mental wrath of conservatives and liberals alike and earned him a place on the famed “enemies list” of the Nixon Administration.

“In fact, if you just had to rely only on the youth of today,” he continues, “I don’t think we’d have many of the problems we have. The trouble is we still have their parents to contend with.”

Although Cartoonist Paul Conrad is 49 years old and a father of two daughters and two sons (Libby, 10, Carol, 12, David, 13, and Jamie, 16), he thinks young.

Although he is a veteran of World War II, he was a strong critic of U.S. involvement in Vietnam. Although a famous cartoonist once advised Mr. Conrad in his youth not to go into cartooning, he’s now one of the top editorial cartoonists in the U.S., being syndicated nationally by the *Los Angeles Times* and having twice won the Pulitzer Prize.

“Unfortunately, many in this country, who once despised those thinking and outspoken young people, are now finding out that what those young people were talking about made ultimate sense,” observes Mr. Conrad. “You don’t hear much from those young people today but I think



Herman Ahrens

they are working out their own values. They learned that they can't change this system in the way it should be changed, so they're just biding their time and then are going to work within the system to change it. They are going to create their own society, and are doing so. In fact, I think they're doing a magnificent job."

Mr. Conrad's own children think his cartoons are fantastic, although he wishes they'd be more critical. "But I think most kids are that way about their fathers." He spends a lot of time with his family, whether helping coach a summer Little League team, or being on the board of directors of his suburban com-

munity's youth commission, or being active at his neighborhood Roman Catholic church.

When he recently addressed David's journalism class at school, he got the usual questions: "Where do you get your ideas? And what happens, Mr. Conrad, when you run out of ideas?"

"If I could describe where ideas come from, I could make a million dollars. But I don't know," Mr. Conrad answers simply. "All I know is that I discipline myself to know that, if every day I go into my office in the morning and read and read and read, eventually a germ of an idea of some kind will come up. I will try to relate it to a story today in such a way that

tomorrow when you look at page one you will hopefully see some reference to that story and then when you look inside to the editorial pages, there will be a cartoon on the issue itself. Now, **how** that idea happens, I do not know.

"As for running out of ideas, if you think you're going to run out of ideas, you will. No question about it. But I personally have no qualms about running out of ideas. Sure, I'm going to have bad days. I'm human. The mind functions in valleys and peaks. But you sweat them out and the next day is just delightful."

That visit to his son's class also opened his eyes on one subject.

"Here were some 40 kids, 13 years old," he recalls. "They've got to be upper-middle income or they wouldn't live on Palos Verdes Peninsula. And I asked them to raise their hands if they thought the President should resign. And close to 90 percent of the class raised their hands. I never thought I'd get a response like that. Just the week before, John McLaughlin, a Jesuit priest who is one of the President's advisors, tried to tell me that the press didn't know how popular the President was. For every poll I had, he had another to prove me wrong. But these kids sure opened my eyes."

Because of the war in Vietnam, the Watergate affair, and the energy crisis, the policies of the Nixon Administration have been a

constant target of Cartoonist Conrad.

"Not only the body politic itself was bled white but I think the spiritual quality of the country was drained by the Vietnam war," comments Mr. Conrad firmly. "The killing is still going on and would have been going on during the 60's whether we'd have been there or not. In fact, those Indo-Chinese wars have been going on for centuries. So there's not much we could have done. But now we have our quotation—'Peace With Honor'—and we're out, but we're going to live with that decision for a long, long time.

"During those years, animosities were built into us as a people which we just cannot seem to get out of our system. For example, although the war ended well over a year ago, we're still debating amnesty. People say that we owe it to the boys who served to let the draft evaders rot where they are. It's this attitude that's still with the people. It divides us and I just don't know what in God's name will bring us back together in the sense that we can discuss instead of shout at one another.

"And even those boys who served in Vietnam are being forgotten. Sure, we had a big hullabaloo about the prisoners coming back so many at a time—the President milked that for everything it was worth. But what about the thousands of kids who landed



"The young people are biding their time to work within the system to change it."



You know nothing about Watergate, which group would you most likely suspect of burglary, theft, breaking and entering, wiretapping, election law violations and conspiracy?

and then were out and whose inadequate benefits are now being investigated by the Senate? And many of those injured guys are going to be in veterans' hospitals for the rest of their lives. And unconsciously the people know this.

"And the public is still not sure that Calley wasn't right, which galls me no end. The people still cannot understand what happened at My Lai.

"That's why I say that the scars are still there and will be for a long time. What happened was that for the first time in U.S. history, we found out that we were not always right and we were dead wrong on this one. So somehow we must pull ourselves together.

But this Administration has done nothing to bring about that kind of peace settlement here at home."

And what about Watergate?

"With the direction that the President is presently taking, I cannot see how we'll soon resolve the Watergate dilemma."

What about the public pressure on the President to prove his credibility, especially because of what may happen to the Republican Party?

"I don't think President Nixon cares about the Republican Party. He showed that in the last election. But an awful lot of the Republicans who can see their heads being lopped off in the upcoming

election are finally becoming aroused and realize what their situation is. I think it's a distinct possibility that the Republican Party could be in absolute shambles after this. What the Democrats do with it, heaven only knows!"

Mr. Conrad predicts that "Nixon is not going to finish his term. The 50 percent vote plus one in the House is not the major barrier to impeachment. Much more depends on the more difficult two-thirds vote in the Senate. And then, of course, will the President want to put Congress through such a thing if the House does vote it?"

"I was elated to make the White House enemy list," the cartoonist smiles. "It made my career. Of course, McLaughlin claims the list was simply those who were not to be invited to the White House. But such a list itself is sheer nonsense. He claims the President knew nothing of the list.

"But what bothers me most about the list is how many Jews were on it. Out of the original first ten on the first list, seven persons were Jews, and on the second list at least 40 to 50 percent were Jews, which tells me something, but I'm not sure what. The horrors of Germany are still too fresh to horse around with lists including a majority of Jewish names. Besides I do not understand the mentality that would even draw

up such a list in the first place. And that's the frightening thing.

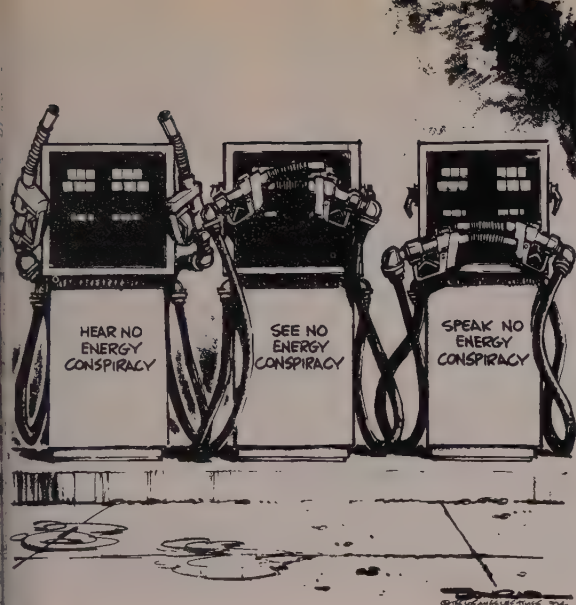
"I prefer to consider it all a lark, but I don't want to see it repeated. However, I can't understand how Herblock, a cartoonist for the Washington **Post**, is not on that list, because he's been meaner to Nixon than I ever was. But they know about us both, because Haldeman was once quoted as saying that Herblock and Conrad wouldn't have a job if it weren't for Nixon.

"But the whole thing can be taken as a big joke or it can be taken as a very serious thing. When they're found out, then you can laugh about it. But supposing the list had not been found out and supposing Watergate had not been found out, then is when you start thinking about the seriousness of it."

Not all are targets for criticism.

"I think Kissinger is by far the best man in the Administration at this point," notes Mr. Conrad. "I don't like the stories about spying that went on between the State Department and the Pentagon and the Executive Council and all the rest of them. I am sure he was in on it but certainly not to the extent that the President evidently was. I think Kissinger has done a fantastic job. He's a good man, very bright."

As for the energy crisis, the cartoonist is absolutely convinced that the oil companies saw



"Maybe it's the Vietnam mentality still working at us—you have to destroy the country to save it."

crunch coming several years ago. With the Arab cut-off, the oil companies could blame someone else and simply go for big profits. "I think the primary objective was to drive out the independent retailers who two years ago controlled about 25 percent of the sales markets in the U.S. by under-selling the majors by two to five cents a gallon. And now many of these independents are out of business. I feel the oil companies decided long ago they had to control not only the wholesaling but the retailing and this present crisis was the opportunity to do it. We might get back to where we were if the majors will refine and sell to the independent retailers."

As for raising the consciousness of the public to being better stewards of our energy resources, Mr. Conrad feels that the energy crisis has been worthwhile, "but there is no sense to absolutely destroy the base economy of the nation simply to show that we are using too much of our natural resources. Maybe it's the Vietnam mentality still working at us—you have to destroy the country to save it."

Mr. Conrad sees no potential leadership nor movement that might bring about the healing that the nation needs. But he does fear the easy answers of some persuasive personalities.

"I am afraid of a guy like Ron-

ald Reagan," says the Los Angeles cartoonist, "because he is clean on the Watergate issue but he is a hardliner. We've seen the effects in California of what he's done as governor. He tells how he has saved the people money and cut taxes, yet he's at least doubled—if not more—most of the state's taxes and pays little tax himself. I personally feel that this man is not to be trusted and he wants to do for the country what he has accomplished in California. He is like George Wallace, who if he were a whole and healthy man would be a threat at this point. Reagan and Wallace are both convincing. I am afraid of the guy who is going to oversimplify all the issues and get elected. Then we're really in trouble. Then the First Amendment won't mean a thing.

"In the last couple of years, the press was totally discredited. Even though at least 98 percent of what folks read in the paper was correct, the credibility was virtually destroyed by Agnew and the rest of those clowns. Now I think the credibility of the press has been reestablished because of the job the press has done. It started out by two reporters investigating the Watergate affair and a very courageous newspaper, the Washington **Post**, taking a chance and printing the story.

"I think the New York **Times**, the Washington **Post**, and the Los Angeles **Times** are by far the best

newspapers in the country. I read them daily. What makes them best is their in-depth reporting and without that I don't think any newspaper is a qualified newspaper. It takes the best reporters to dig out the facts. In-depth, investigative reporting in national news coverage is where it's at now and I don't think you can argue with the facts that the press has come up with."

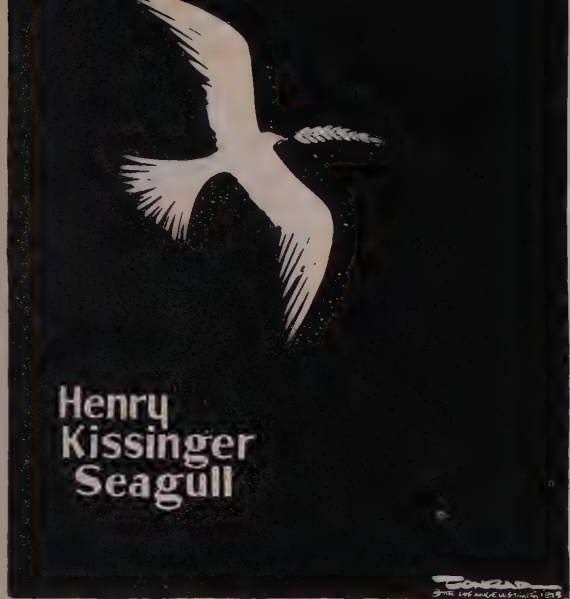
Even though Mr. Conrad disagrees editorially with the Los Angeles **Times** on occasion, he is free to take whatever position he wishes. Of course, each of his cartoons is approved by the editor on the basis of taste and Mr. Conrad admits that he's had some "pretty raw ones that should have been killed" and were.

His cartoons have been shifted to the "opposite editorial page" to make room on the editorial page for more letters to the editors. It's increased the volume and quality of letters from readers.

"I'll never go back to an editorial page," says Mr. Conrad. "Now I don't have to worry just before deadline time that the paper is taking one position in their lead editorial and I'm taking another. After all, it's the paper."

After he's done his daily reading and come up with an idea, what happens next?

"After I get my ideas for the day, I draw those little roughs,



"There is a moral responsibility for us in the media to point out the rights and wrongs of what is going on."

he points out. "Sometimes I draw one, sometimes 25. I show them around the second floor to anyone who's around. I get feedback, especially from the national news editor and the editor of our section four. They're good minds to bounce off of. Then I take just one comprehensive rough to the editor for his approval. After that I start the finished drawing—sometimes I'll do it in ten minutes and sometimes in two and one-half hours."

How do you know a good cartoon?

"I feel a good cartoon has to take a position on the news—for or against something, whatever the issue. Unfortunately, 95 percent of the cartoonists illustrate

the news—giving everybody something they already know. But the cartoonists who ask **why** an event is happening, that's worth something."

According to Mr. Conrad, "The best U.S. cartoonists are Herblock of Washington, Mauldin of Chicago, Oliphant of Denver, Wright of Miami."

Even though the number of newspapers are decreasing and the frequency of good cartoonists being syndicated is increasing, there are about 125 active editorial cartoonists in the U.S. And there's room for more good cartoonists.

"I'm not sure you could ever train a person to be an editorial

cartoonist," says Mr. Conrad. "It's a very natural talent. It depends on the person. Some have it and just draw for fun and are happy. But others have a drive and desire and show up with work that simply needs a little further development. Any cartoonist who will stick with it, I am sure today will make a go of it. Like in everything else, the best rises to the top and those are the ones you hear about.

"When I was graduated from the University of Iowa after doing cartoons on the **Daily Iowan**, I showed my cartoons to the famous Ding Darling who was still alive then. He advised me to go into something else. No encouragement whatsoever. But I was furious enough to show him I could do it."

What kind of reaction does Cartoonist Conrad get from his readers?

His liberal readers chide him for his position on abortion, but Mr. Conrad feels he's being consistent.

"I think abortion is murder," he affirms. "If anyone could prove to me when life begins, then we might have a basis for a discussion on abortion. Somebody has to take the editorial defense of the fetus. Right now it has no defense at all and the Supreme Court saw to that with its verdict a year ago."

His cartoons on the energy

crisis have brought pressure from oil executives, stockholders, and money people, even to the point of an organized campaign to get Conrad fired. And his Watergate cartoons aroused the ire of conservative Republicans in California to the extent that he feels their opposition helped start his shift from the editorial page to the op-ed page. And one opponent phoned a bomb threat.

But he laughs when he tells about recently receiving a two-pound box of horse manure. The mail room at the Los Angeles **Times** has since been afraid to touch anything larger than an envelope addressed to Paul Conrad.

In 1968, he and the paper were sued by the former mayor of Los Angeles, Sam Yorty, but libel and slander could not be proven, only that the cartoon was funny and to the point.

His mail lately has been running 90 percent in favor of his work, a reversal from the days of the Vietnam war. "It's amazing the turn around on the part of the public on Watergate. My mail is at least three times what it was last year. Over 100 letters a week. Man, it can stack up." But between a secretary and himself, each letter eventually gets answered.

"I think there is a moral responsibility for us in the media to point out the rights and the wrongs of what is going on," says Mr. Conrad. "I have my own



"I KNOW WHAT IS BEST FOR VIETNAM ...
I HAVE MORE FACTS."



"I KNOW WHAT IS BEST FOR THE ECONOMY...
I HAVE MORE FACTS."



"I KNOW WHAT IS BEST TO STOP INFLATION...
I HAVE MORE FACTS."



"I KNOW WHAT IS BEST FOR CAMBODIA...
I HAVE MORE FACTS."



"I KNOW WHAT IS BEST FOR AMERICA ...
I HAVE MORE FACTS."



"HOW COULD I HAVE KNOWN ABOUT WATERGATE?..
I'M JUST THE PRESIDENT."

© Paul Conrad 1978

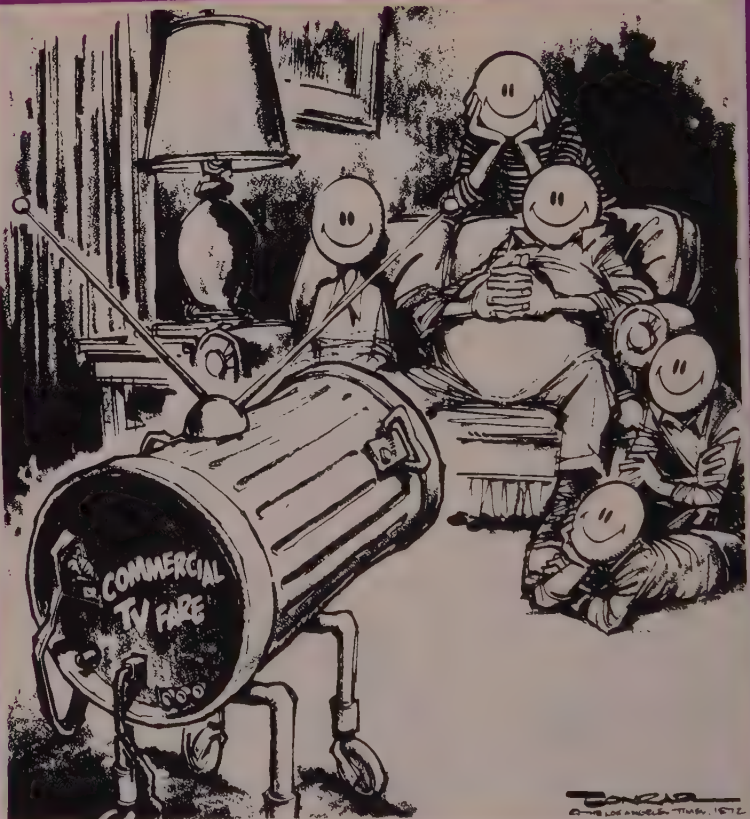
All editorial cartoons by
Paul Conrad. Copyright,
Los Angeles Times;
reprinted with permission.

"A good
cartoonist
does not
simply
illustrate the
news but asks
why an event
happened."

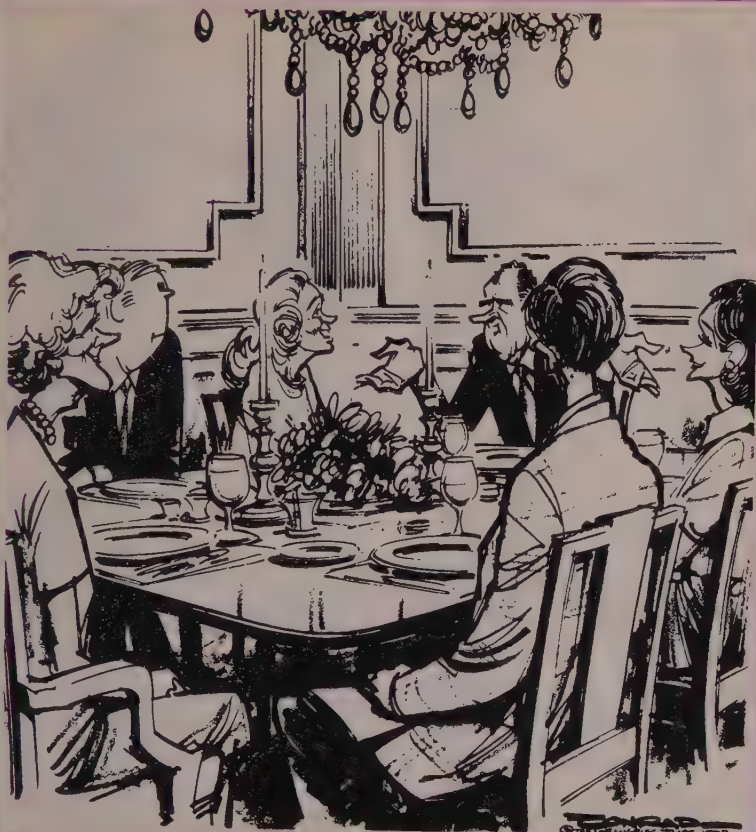
standards of judgment and if I think a state or a federal program does not measure up, then I point that out in my cartoons."

That's why Cartoonist Conrad feels the book which he has recently done with Rev. Malcolm Boyd, an Episcopal priest, works. In the book, **When in the Course of Human Events**, Mr. Boyd has written prayers to each of a selection of Conrad cartoons.

"Malcolm has given my cartoons a new dimension. His prayers have given the cartoons a moral purpose, which I have contended existed all along. Of course, in the newspaper you cannot get religious, but it is the moral base and motivation of the person making the statement that counts as to whether he can be responsibly critical of the politician whom he feels is wrong." □



Can we creatively use technology, Lord,
instead of letting it uncreatively misuse us?
Shake us, Jesus! Awaken us to the challenge
and excitement of living



"You are typical American Housewives . . . Do you think food prices are too high?"

"It is better to take refuge in the Lord than to put confidence in princes."

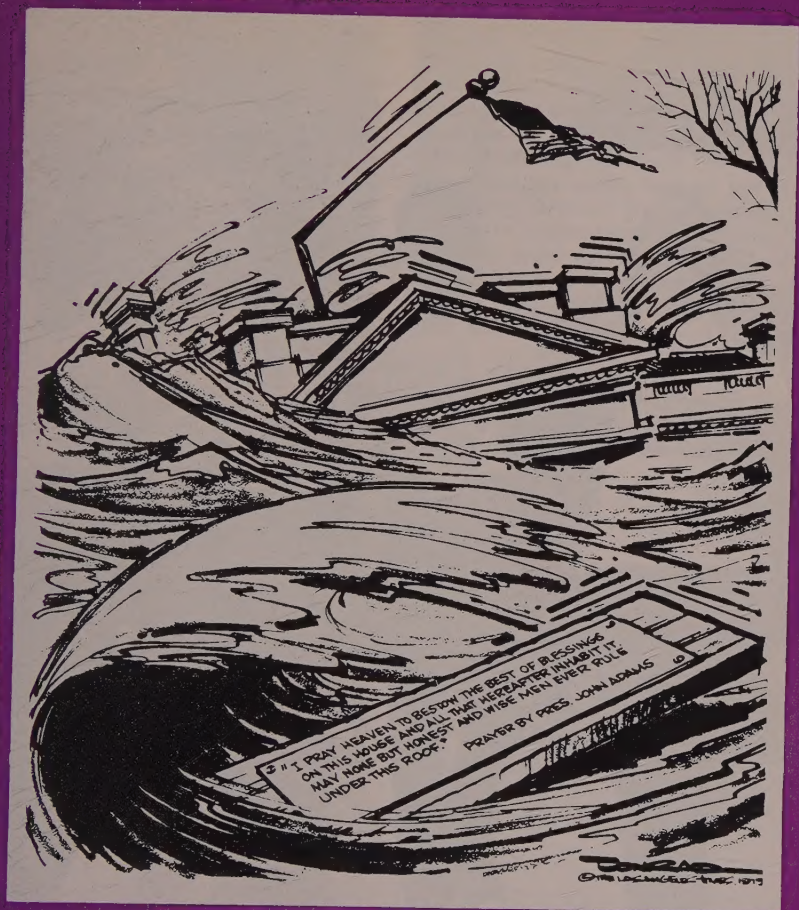
People who live in palaces should trade places every so often, it seems to me, Christ, with people who live in ordinary places.

I imagine that many of their opinions and attitudes would change pretty abruptly. Wouldn't it make for a saner world, Lord?



"Era of Reconciliation"

Give us the vision and the guts to practice what we preach, Lord.



Amen.

From **When in the Course of Human Events** by Paul Conrad and Malcolm Boyd (\$5.95). Copyright 1973 by Sheed and Ward, Inc.



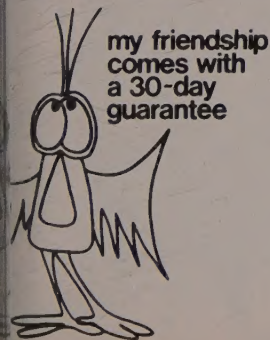
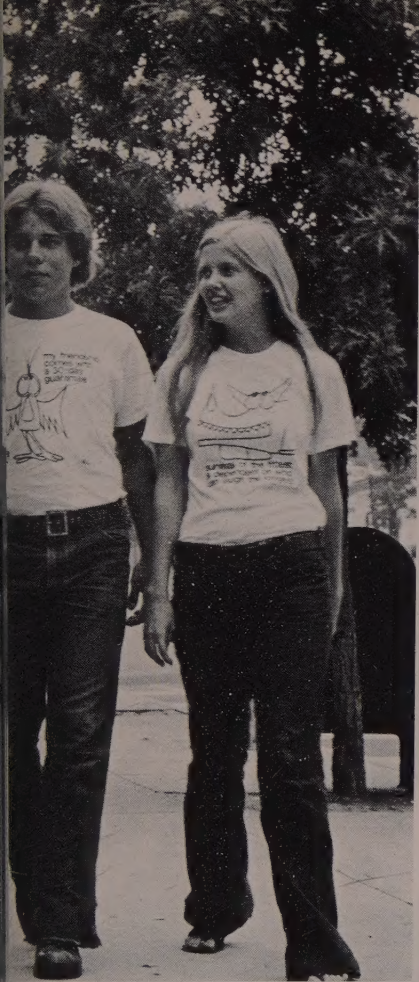
Bill Winslow



survival of the fittest
is dependent on who
can laugh the longest

i believe
in politics
after
watergate





GET IN STEP!

Spring has arrived and the time to shed your sweaters and put away your parkas has come. What better way to celebrate the arrival of warm weather than by wearing a Brunner T-shirt?

These popular shirts feature one of three witty Brunner transparencies printed 11 inches high in royal blue on white. To order yours, just fill out the coupon below and mail to: T-Shirts, YOUTH magazine, Room 1203, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102

ENTER THE QUANTITY OF EACH SHIRT YOU WANT IN THE SIZE BOX(ES) BELOW THE "CAPTIONS."

Send me "survival of the fittest is dependent on who can laugh the longest"

S	M	L	XL
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Send me "i believe in politics after watergate"

S	M	L	XL
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Send me "my friendship comes with a 30-day guarantee"

S	M	L	XL
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

SHIP TO:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

\$2.00 EACH SHIRT

☐ Check enclosed
☐ Money order enclosed

**FORAGING FOR EDIBLE
FERNS IN VERMONT** 2
by Julia Lebentritt

**EMOTIONAL UPS AND
DOWNS** 12

Transparencies by
Doug Brunner

**TV SPECIAL FEATURES
TWO BIBLE HEROES** 18
by Frederic A. Brussat

TOUCH AND GO 26
Letters from readers

**THE BEGINNING OF
HOPE** 27
Seven Easter meditations

**LAST CHANCE TO
ENTER!** 39
1974 Creative Arts
competition

**STUDENTS RAISE
SCHOOL CON-
SCIOUSNESS** 40
by Susan M. Grant

**INTERVIEW WITH A
POLITICAL
CARTOONIST** 48
by Herman C. Ahrens, Jr.

**ORDER YOUR
BRUNNER T-SHIRTS
NOW!** 62

CP
THE LIBRARY
PACIFIC SCH OF RELIGION
1798 SCENIC AVE
BERKELEY CA 94709

